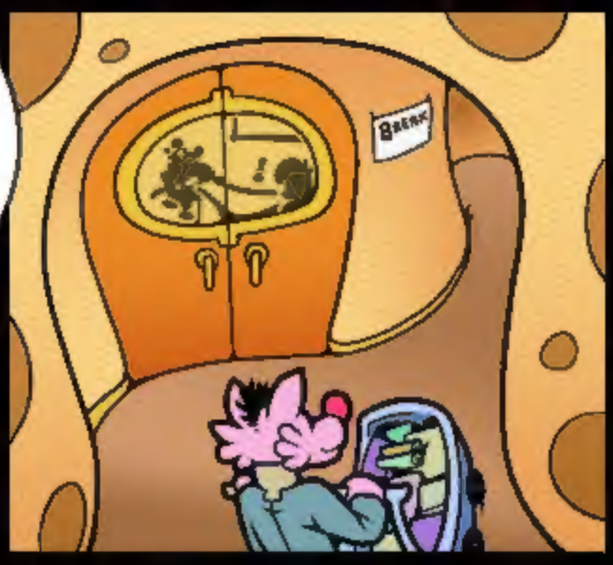
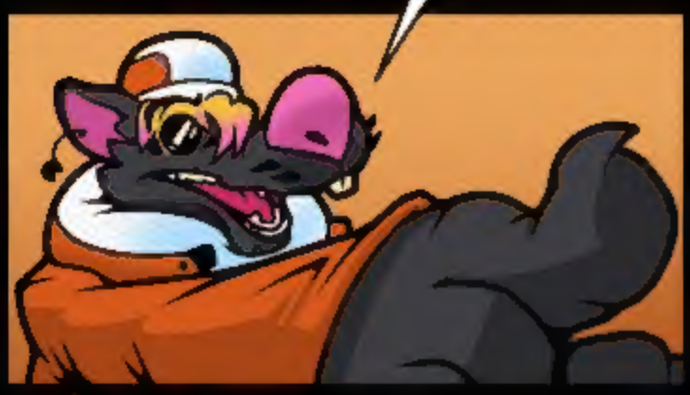
Oh dude, you are in for a treat. This is my favorite part of having new guests.



Sharing with them my favorite meal!



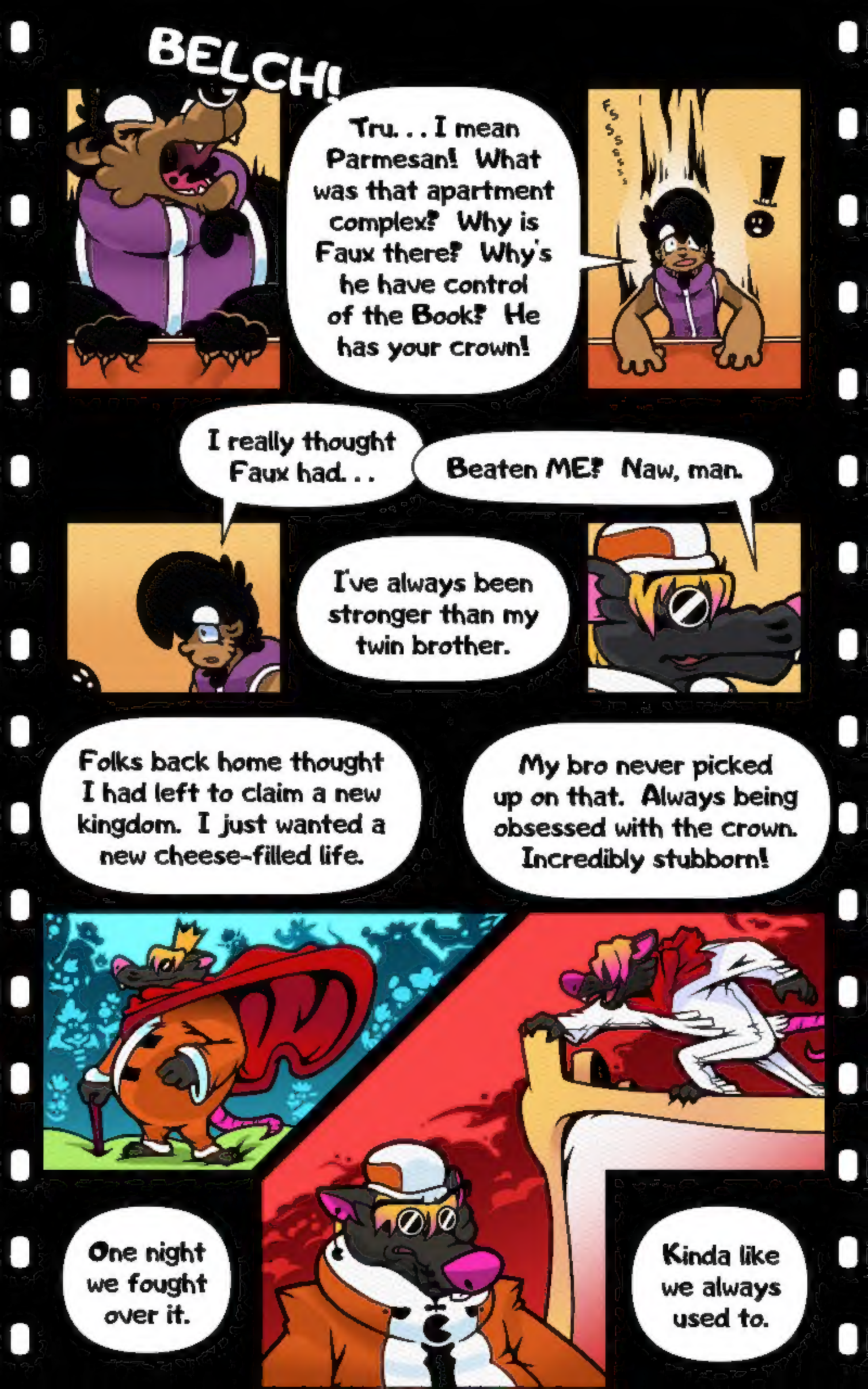
Is this. . . cheese pie?

That's a huge slice!

This, my friend, is my family's famous five-cheese quiche recipe. Passed down by my mama's side. Oh, we don't sell it, though. I like to think of it as a royal delicacy.

I love cheese but you can't just have it be the main course. Best as a companion piece!

Cheese is the crown to the meal's royal robes.
MMMMMMMM
SNARF~ SCARF~ SNARF!
Dude? Dude!!
CRUNCH!
The quiche...
SCARF...
The suit!
Forgive me, Toma! I wasn't aware you were in such a MOOD for a veritable smorgasbord. While I'm happy to oblige to your needs, make no mistake, you do owe me for going through so much of our stock.
Thanks. Not used to being as hungry as a literal wolf.


BELCH!
Tru. . . I mean Parmesan! What was that apartment complex? Why is Faux there? Why's he have control of the Book? He has your crown!
!
I really thought Faux had. . .
Beaten ME? Naw, man.
I've always been stronger than my twin brother.
Folks back home thought I had left to claim a new kingdom. I just wanted a new cheese-filled life.
My bro never picked up on that. Always being obsessed with the crown. Incredibly stubborn!
One night we fought over it.
Kinda like we always used to.

Something must have changed in my bro. He had NEVER fought that hard! For the first time Faux had the drive to see something to the bitter end.

Turns out I didn't. Let him have it. The crown, the book, and my Abode. Took that moment to start my own life as Parmesan.

Now, I'm kinda done sharing all that.

Let's talk about you earning your meals and a bed.

Wow, Toma, how much did you eat?